

# Death

By Peter David Smith

I've never visited my father's grave or my mother's grave.

Why? Because I don't believe that the grave is where they are.

My mother and father exist in the past. They exist in the times when they were alive. They are still there in the time frame of their lives. The grave is only the place where their bones were buried, but my parents were my parents, not their old bones.

I prefer to visit my parents in my memory of them, alive and happy together making a home and keeping a home.

When my time comes to die I won't care what happens to my physical body. How could I care? I'll be dead.

When I'm done and done and done completely, whoever has the job of disposing of my remains can put my body in an old bin bag and hurl me in a ditch. I don't care. I won't be there anymore. I'll be in the great non-existence of forever and never.

Let me lay in the ditch and be food for foxes and crows.

It's the natural way to go.

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